slow burn

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by offsideletters

Summary

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>
> "Okay, here's what we're gonna do." Shane stands, hands on his hips. He fixes Ilya with his *game plan* look he gets right before he gives the team a speech in the locker room. "You're gonna finish your game, I'm gonna finish cleaning, then you'll—"
>
> "Fuck your brains out?" Ilya interrupts.
>
> "*Then* you're gonna make us some lunch, and we're gonna eat it on the back patio."

Shane cockwarms Ilya. Ilya tries to be a good boy.

Notes

> felt the need to write ilya being a good boy. thats all, send tweet.
>
> oh and try not to focus too much on what Ilya is playing please. i didn't have the brain power to explain that a whole lot while writing this.
>
> Follow my Twitter if you would like, I am very (way too) active on there, and will post about any wips i may write as well!!

See the end of the work for more notes

“How’s your game going baby?”

Ilya doesn’t take his eyes off the screen when Shane comes downstairs, too focused on making sure his character doesn’t fall off a stupid ledge again. Biting his lip, his body dips with him as he moves the joystick to the left.

“Bad. I can not beat this stupid level.”

Out of the corner of his eye, a blurry Shane enters the kitchen. He hears the glug of the coffee carafe as Shane pours himself a cup of coffee, now most likely just barely lukewarm. Ilya let him sleep in today, not wanting to disrupt the peaceful look on his husband’s face, lips barely parted as he drooled all over their pillow.

That coffee is hours old.

Still, Shane must not mind, because he carries his mug over to the living room, the couch dipping as he takes a seat next to Ilya. He leans over to press a chaste kiss to Ilya’s forehead, thankfully not seeming too offended when Ilya tilts away from him, eyes laser focused on the tv.

They sit in companionable silence, the crashes from the game resonating from the sound bar and the surrounding speakers. Beside him, Shane texts away on his phone, sipping slowly at his coffee, his too long fingernails tapping rapidly against the crystal glass. When Ilya dies *once again,* he leans back against the couch, a huff of frustration growing in his chest.

“Huh.” Shane clicks his phone off, letting it fall to the seat beside him. “Hayden says he finished this game already.”

Ilya tries not to show his frustration, a bout of irrational jealousy flaring under his skin. Not because someone else beat this game before him, but because *Hayden*finished this game before him.

“How? It only came out three days ago. Is Pike so boring he has nothing to do besides play video games for three days straight?”

Shane raises an eyebrow at him. “You’re playing too.”

Ilya gives a non committal wave and hits restart. “Between doing other things”

Scoffing, Shane continues drinking his coffee, the sweet nutty aroma a cozy blanket as they sit together. Beside him, Shane's knee presses against him. A content buzz runs through Ilya's body at the contact.

When Ilya dies *again*, he drops the controller on the coffee table, taking his eyes off the offensive screen. He wraps an arm around his husband's bare shoulders, Shane going willingly into his embrace.

"Need a break?" He asks.

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's hair, humming in concession. He smells like spearmint and eucalyptus, like he showered before coming downstairs, washed the sleep off his warm skin. Feeling indulgent, Ilya takes another deep breath, pulling as much as he can of his husband's scent into his lungs.

Summer break is always sweeter. They can lounge around for days in their underwear, eat whatever the fuck they want, fuck whenever they want without having to worry about sneaking away with enough time together. Ilya had assumed that playing on the same team would mean nightly sex. Fucking in every hotel room they stay in, christening a different bed in each city they stay in. Imagine his fucking surprise when Shane suggested a pact to give each other space during away games and to 'just focus on hockey'. Whatever the fuck that means.

He plans on proposing a new system before the summer is over. One that involves a lot more touching.

"Do you know what you want for lunch?" Shane's breath tickles his neck. "There's lots of leftover chicken so I could make some wraps. Or maybe I can run out and we can just do takeout. Something easy. Do you want pho?"

"Is hot today. Too hot for soup." Ilya squeezes at Shane's shoulder, warm skin contracting under his grip. "Chicken is fine."

Shane pulls away from him, and Ilya craves his touch again the second his arm drops and Shane scoots forwards on the couch. He stands, pulling his arms above his head, grabbing his wrist with the other hand. His abs flex as he stretches, freckled skin pulled taught over the muscles of his stomach. His briefs are doing nothing to keep him decent, the noticeable bulge of his soft cock practically poking Ilya's eye out. A soft, strained sound escapes him as he breathes.

He considers Ilya's eyes on him, and he must see something on his

face, because he winks at him, dark eyelashes bluntly tapping his red cheek.

“Alright.” Shane drains the rest of his coffee, chugging it back with a harsh swallow. He leaves Ilya on the couch alone, walking into the kitchen to drop his mug in the sink. It clatters against the stainless steel, the countless dishes they never washed last night still sitting at the bottom of the basin. “You wanna eat now or later? I’m good to wait.”

“Maybe later, sweetheart. Going to try to finish this level.” He eyes his husband. “You want to sit and watch?”

Shane’s eyes sweep over the space, nose wrinkling when they again land on the dirty dishes. “I should probably get some stuff done. I feel like the cottage is a mess.”

Looking around, Ilya searches for this so-called *mess*. There’s a couple items strewn about; their swim trunks rest on bottom of the staircase railing, where they left them yesterday evening after taking a dip to cool off in the lake. Some shopping bags still sit at the front door, a present from Rose as thanks for coming to her movie premiere a couple of weeks ago. There’s a few other things too, mundane objects they’ve thrown about since arriving at the cottage last week, too tired or horny to put anything way, instead focusing their energy into falling into bed together to either sleep or fuck away the days.

But a mess?

Grabbing the controller again, Ilya fiddles with the joystick, the plastic buttons clicking under his thumbs. “I vacuumed yesterday.”

“Yeah, but that’s *all* you did.” Shane deadpans. He gestures to the living room, sweeping his arms over the space, finishing on the kitchen island.

It looks pretty clean to Ilya.

But if Shane is saying it needs to be cleaned, then it needs to be cleaned. And Ilya is nothing if not a supportive husband.

“You want some help?”

Striding back over, Shane takes Ilya’s head between his hands and brings their mouths together. He kisses him roughly, too quickly, tasting like coffee and the sweet hazelnut creamer he likes to drink

during the off season. A tongue swipes at Ilya's lips, and when Ilya groans and goes to open up for him, he's left waiting, wanting, wet lips cooling in the open air as Shane pulls back and gives him a soft smile. As if he didn't just get Ilya riled up with a seven second kiss.

"I got it. There's not much to do anyways." Shane kisses him once more, this time on the forehead, oblivious to the problem he's just caused under his husband's shorts.

Ilya wants nothing more than to reach out, grab Shane's naked waist and haul him on top of him, cleaning be damned. They can fuck this day away too. Maybe here, on the couch. Maybe Ilya can see how many times he can make him come just with—

"Tell you what." In a blink, Shane has turned away again, pert ass bouncing with each step he takes further into the kitchen. "I'll tidy up while you play, then when we're both done, you can make us lunch."

He rounds the corner, smooth skin disappearing from view.

Taking a deep breath, Ilya presses a hand to his growing erection, urging it to settle. If Shane is willing to do all the cleaning himself and let Ilya have a lazy morning gaming on the couch, then Ilya can be a good boy and keep his dick in his pants.

"Of course."

Ilya hates his husband.

Okay, obviously he doesn't hate him. Ilya loves Shane more than anything in the whole world. Would do anything Shane asked of him, even if it would terminate his existence on this earth. He loves him. Whole heartedly.

But he's beginning to think that Shane maybe doesn't feel the same way, because he has no problems whatsoever with making Ilya suffer.

Clad in only the tightest, skimpiest boxer briefs and sweat caused by Canadian summer heats, Shane is off in his own world, dusting away at shelves and bookcases, giving Ilya the picture perfect view of his marbled ass. His whole body, really. As if sculpted by the gods themselves, Ilya's husband is a flawless, exquisite work of art, the knobs of his spine as he bends down to wipe away dust bunnies a saccharine dessert he wants to lick. He's immaculate, not just in his looks—which are objectively remarkable—but in everything he does.

Every thought and action he poses in their everyday life.

He's also a fucking tease.

To give him some credit, Shane probably doesn't even realize he's doing it. The way he tidies their space should be nothing more than domestic. Ilya should expect to feel mere adoration for the man spending their precious time off scrubbing at tarnished baseboards and throwing dirty clothes in the laundry.

How unfair is it that all he feels in this moment is *lust*.

The need to clamber into the kitchen to press his chest to his husband's back and leave dirty, open mouthed kisses on his neck crashes into him with an urgency he has a hard time trying to ignore.

It would be so easy. He could if he so pleased. They're married, after all, and he knows how much Shane loves it when he's rough with him. Likes to be used and groped and marked by Ilya's rough touch and hard cock, made to feel full and utterly ravished by the time Ilya is finished with him.

He's considering it when a loud crash jolts him from his musings. His controller vibrates in his hands, vexing noises rushing through the speakers between his fingers. On the screen, his character lies flat on the ground, a red filter over the *game over* title.

Clearly not having been paying attention, too focused on how hard his oblivious husband is making him, Ilya lets out a groan of frustration.

Snaking his hand down to his shorts, he readjusts himself, suppressing a shiver at the measly contact.

"Everything okay?" Shane enters his view again. He's got a damp cloth in one hand, the other resting against his hip as he leans against the half wall bordering the kitchen. Ilya tries not to focus on the water that drips from the rag as it runs down the hard lines of Shane's thighs and through his dark leg hair.

Has he hit his head? Has it maybe been more a day since they last fucked and that's why Ilya is feeling like he's going through puberty, getting a boner for the first time at just the *sight* of his husband?

A throat clears. Ilya rakes his gaze back up Shane's body, pausing only for a second on his dark nipples, before meeting his impatient gaze.

“Yes,” Ilya chokes out.

Fuck. What is *wrong* with him? He doesn’t think he’s ever felt this needy from just mundane everyday stuff. There’s this buzzing under his skin, like fireflies fluttering against his heart and filling his veins with a scorching inferno.

“Mom called this morning. She wants to know if we wanna have dinner this weekend with her and dad.”

Walking into Ilya’s space, Shane tosses his rag onto the coffee table next to Ilya’s feet and starts folding the throw blankets. He’s readjusting a fluffy white pillow when Ilya’s gaze tracks onto his biceps. Even the most mundane, low effort task of fluffing a fucking *pillow* makes his muscles contract, the purple veins under his skin bulging each time he moves.

Ilya licks his lips, trying to focus on what Shane is saying rather than the fuckable body only a couple feet away from him.

“Dinner?”

Shane gives him a weird look, brows arched, the dark irises of his pretty eyes boring into Ilya. “…Yes. You know. Sit around a table. Talk. Eat food.”

Okay, yeah. He’s being weird.

Leaning into the couch, Ilya lets the soft fabric drape across his back, an unfluffed pillow stuck between his skin and the sofa. He digs it out, pulling his gaze away from Shane and holding it out for him.

“Yes, sure.” And because Shane is still staring at him with a strange expression, he tacks on, “we can go to that sushi place Yuna likes. With the cartoon fish outside.”

Simply nodding, Shane takes the pillow from Ilya’s hand, their fingers making the briefest of touches. It lights a fire under Ilya’s skin. He’s fucking burning alive with the desire to be inside his husband. In his shorts, his cock gives a needy twitch.

“Sounds good. I’ll let her know.”

Done with the couch decor, Shane moves to pick up his rag off the coffee table. The movement puts him right in front of Ilya, and when he bends over to wipe away the dust and crumbs that have been left

to accumulate for a week, Ilya can't help himself.

Dropping his controller to the couch with no care in the world for where it falls, Ilya reaches out, wrapping his hands around his husband. His hands find the smooth skin of his hips, the fabric of his briefs hot and sweaty, almost wet beneath his fingers. Desire licks up his spine like an old friend.

He's about to pull Shane onto his lap when his husband jerks back, pulling out of Ilya's grasp.

"What are you doing?"

Ilya's brows pull together, arms falling back to the sofa. "What do you think I am doing? You are bent over right in front of my face and you're…" Ilya waves his hand in an up and down manner, gesturing at Shane's half naked body. "*God*, Hollander. You are so sexy."

Though it's small, Ilya's chest warms at the smile that tugs at Shane's lips. It's too short lived, Shane recovering quickly with an amused laugh and a fond shake of his head. The movement causes a couple strands to fall in his face, and they stick to his forehead, clumping over damp sweat.

Stepping out of the way and putting space between them, Shane rounds the coffee table. The couple of feet between them may as well be an ocean with the way the distance tugs at Ilya's heart strings. Is it so wrong that he wants to be intimate with his husband?

It sort of bothers Ilya that Shane is acting so unaffected. *Is it acting?* As Shane resumes his cleaning, Ilya studies the familiar movements of his husband's body as he trances around the living room, picking up meaningless clutter only to put it back in the same spot as he found it just seconds after.

Shane's plush pink lips are pulled between his teeth, but Ilya knows him well enough that Shane biting his lip happens both when he is turned on *and* focused. But his eyes give nothing away. They're trained on everything *but* Ilya. The carpet. The TV stand. The fucking pillows *again* because Shane is a little bit of a control freak and if something is even slightly out of place, he'll fix it over and over again until it's right.

Reaching up, Shane stands on his toes, arms over his head as he runs the rag over the top of the curtain rod. Ilya didn't even know that was something that he should be cleaning.

But like this, Ilya has the perfect view of Shane's side profile. Sharp jawline and dark hair that cascades down his neck to caress his shoulders in a gentle kiss. Heat rushes to Ilya's groin once again, and this time, he doesn't want to stave off his erection.

He rakes his gaze over every inch of Shane. Down his chest. His stomach and the glistening work of his sculpted abs. Ilya's mouth goes dry at the idea of dipping his tongue into Shane's belly button, kissing his belly and working his way towards—

Gaze stopping on the front of Shane's briefs, his breath catches in his throat.

He's hard. Just slightly. Soft enough that Ilya could fit all of him in his mouth in one go and suck on his flaccid cock until he grew hard enough to make him gag.

And he *wants*. He wants to go over there, shove Shane against the wall and drop to his knees on this *apparently* dirty carpet and suck his dick until Shane is shooting down the back of his throat. The thought makes him shudder, and Ilya shoves a hand down the front of his shorts, palming his steadily growing erection over his underwear.

The pressure pulls another groan out of him, and he feeds into it, tilting his hips up, trying to get more friction onto his dick.

A throat clears.

Shane's smirk is equal parts innocent and dirty. His cheeks are tinted a deep red, dark enough that if Ilya pressed his thumb to the freckled flesh, a white mark would appear in the shape of his fingerprint. His eyes dart between Ilya's crotch and the screen, then back to the screen again.

Giving Shane his best *fuck me* eyes, he's disappointed when his husband shakes his head, incredulity blooming on his face.

"I thought you wanted to finish this level?" Ignoring Ilya and his massive problem, he stands next to the couch, eyes trained on the screen. His head tilts in consideration, and Ilya looks to where his character still lays dead on the ground. He never restarted his game, too distracted by his half naked husband teasing the shit out of him with his sexy cleaning. "Wait, is this still the same level?"

Pressing his hand a little firmer to his cock, Ilya lets out a choked groan. "Da."

Shane smirks and resumes dusting off the coffee table. He doesn't say anything else as Ilya continues to palm himself, speed picking up, breaths coming quicker.

If this is what Ilya must do to get off, then do it he will.

Slipping his hand underneath his boxers, the gasp Ilya lets out when his dry hand wraps around his cock is desperate with need. He can feel Shane's eyes on him, watching him, studying him, but the feeling of being watched is heady, and a drop of precum leaks out of his slit.

He catches it with his thumb, dragging it over the tip, the wet glide tangled with his husband watching him an intoxicating sensation.

Shane's voice is rough, but he clears it, clearly trying to shake off the lust that comes with the free show.

"Maybe you should ask Hayden for some tips. I'm sure he wouldn't mind teaching you—"

Ilya slaps his ass hard.

"*Fuck!*" Whipping towards him, Shane levels Ilya with a heavy glare. "What was that for?"

"I do not need *tips*. Especially not from Hayden." Spreading his legs a little wider to make space, Ilya taps his thigh twice. "Come."

"No way. There's still stuff to do." Rather than take a seat on his husband's lap, Shane puts distance between them, an incredulous look on his face when he meets Ilya's gaze. "Don't *pout*."

Ilya isn't pouting. Not even a little bit.

But his arms are crossed, and he can't help but let his head roll onto his shoulder, looking up at Shane with a tilted view.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he knows he's being needy. They had sex just last night, a filthy hour of Ilya making Shane come over and over again until his legs were vibrating and his orgasms were coming dry. Thoroughly spent, Shane gave him a lazy blow job while Ilya tangled his fingers in his hair and whispered sweet nothings on his tongue, only to pull out and paint streaks across his dotted freckles.

However…

Shane got to come *at least* three times last night. Granted, each time he lasted shorter than the last, but it was a whopping two more times than Ilya got to come.

Not that he's complaining. There's something about giving Shane all his attention that ignites an intoxicating thrum of arousal deep in his bones.

Still, he can't help it. He's fucking horny.

"Okay, here's what we're gonna do." Shane stands, hands on his hips. He fixes Ilya with his *game plan* look he gets right before he gives the team a speech in the locker room. "You're gonna finish your game, I'm gonna finish cleaning, then you'll—"

"Fuck your brains out?" Ilya interrupts.

"*Then* you're gonna make us some lunch, and we're gonna eat it on the back patio."

Ilya wants to contest that. Offer Shane a new option that involves both of them naked and ends with Shane freaking out about the cum stains smearing the couch after.

Alas, as he goes to speak, Shane silences him with a quick kiss to his lips, giving him no room to speak. Then he's grabbing his cloth and sauntering up the stairs, leaving a needy and aching Ilya gaping like a fish on the couch.

He stares ahead. The tv screen tells him that the automatic sleep function will kick in in 49 seconds. Grumbling, he pulls the controller back into his lap. He lets out a sharp hiss when it brushes over his erection, even just the slightest bit of contact managing to pull a groan from him.

Just as he's debating taking care of business himself, he hears Shane call out from upstairs.

"And don't touch yourself!"

Then his presence is a vapid ghost, and Ilya is left hard and aching behind his shorts.

Ilya spends the next twenty or so minutes trying to beat this stupid level. Every time his character jumps a little too far or falls off the

damn edge, frustration rises in his chest like hot lava.

Everytime Shane has been in his vicinity, Ilya couldn't stop himself from looking at his husband longingly. Every fucking shift of his body as he tidied up, moving lone shoes from entry ways and shoving the island barstools back into place had Ilya burning up, trying his hardest to ignore his throbbing cock. Eventually, after what must have been the seventh time of Shane catching Ilya's eyes and Ilya pretending to have not been doing anything, Shane huffed, dropped what he was doing, and went back upstairs.

It doesn't help that underneath all this frustration, lust is still a steady thrum licking up his spine. Though fainter now that his husband isn't in the room, Ilya has been half hard for what is beginning to feel like hours now. Even the distraction from the video game hasn't been enough to completely quell his arousal.

As if Shane's ears were ringing, he comes trancing into the room, hips swaying with each step he takes, footsteps softening as he steps onto the carpet and stands in front of Ilya. Shane holds his gaze, a slight flush blooming along his cheeks, frustration a burning image, drawing his brows together.

Shane tosses his phone on the couch beside Ilya and starts shimmying out of his underwear.

"What are you doing?" Ilya asks, setting his controller down and watching with rapt attention as Shane slides the material over his perfect thighs, his cock springing free. It bounces against his stomach, the tip red and angry.

Climbing onto Ilya's lap, Shane is less than gentle as he straddles Ilya's thighs, naked skin rubbing over the rough fabric of his pilled shorts. When he's all settled, he seethes, "You keep fucking looking at me."

A grin tugs at Ilya's lips, and he presses a palm to Shane's cheek, gently stroking over the pink blush of his freckles. "Is a very nice face."

"Yeah, it wasn't my face you were looking at."

Shane shakes his face out of his grip and reaches for the waistband of Ilya's shorts.

Feeling his cock coming back to life, Ilya chokes on a breath, lifting his hips with a hand on Shane's back as they manage to slip his shorts

and underwear off in one—slightly awkward—swoop. His cock slaps against his stomach, the sensation of a proper first touch in hours sending shivers up his spine. Goosebumps surge up his arms, and when Shane wraps a hand around the base of his cock and rises to hover above him, Ilya tosses his head back in pleasurably agony, hands reaching for smooth silky skin.

This is what he wanted. What he *needed*. Shane is looking at him, so much desperation written clearly within the lines of his face, the tight grip he has around the base of Ilya's cock making him throb. His hands dig into the hard skin of Shane's ribs, holding tight, leaving bruises behind in the shape of his fingers.

"*Shit*, Hollander. Fuck yes. Grab the lube."

But before Ilya can pull him any closer, Shane's hands wrap around his wrists and pry his grip off, letting them fall back to his sides.

"New plan." The controller is shoved back into Ilya's hands, the plastic cold to the touch. "You're gonna finish this level."

"That is the old plan. I want to finish somewhere else now."

Shane smirks, rolling his eyes. He doesn't give Ilya a chance to breathe as he grabs his dick again and lines himself up. The blunt head of Ilya's cock presses to his hole, needy and aching and—fuck. *Wet*.

It hits Ilya then. The flush that whispers like overly sweet cotton candy on Shane's face, the heat that radiates off his skin every time he brushes against him, or their bodies make the slightest bit of contact.

Sticky lube drips from Shane's hole, coating Ilya's cock in a slippery heat as he settles his weight on him, tightness enveloping him like a blanket.

While Ilya was downstairs going crazy out of his fucking mind with arousal and desire, his husband was only a floor away, god knows how many fingers deep in his ass, fucking lube into his hole, stretching himself. *Planning* for this moment. Planning to take Ilya apart and take him deep and—

The thought makes Ilya want to catch Shane's fingers with his teeth and lick the skin clean.

"You're gonna finish this level, *while* I keep your cock warm," Shane says, finally sinking down, letting Ilya breach him.

The slow glide of his cock against familiar walls has Ilya's vision whiting out. Shane is tight. Tighter than usual. In the back of his mind, the thought forms that Shane's impatience won out, too worked up to stretch himself properly and instead running downstairs before he could even get three fingers in. Ilya keeps his gaze on his face, entranced by his husband's parted lips and each hiss that is pulled from his throat.

He goes to lean in and kiss them when Shane's words halt him in his tracks.

"You aren't allowed to move," Shane continues, voice surprisingly steady as he sinks down the last couple inches, Ilya's thighs pressed firmly against his ass. "You aren't allowed to kiss me. The only thing you're allowed to do is play your stupid game and let me keep you nice and warm."

Ilya nearly drops his controller when he bottoms out. He wouldn't really care if he did. Let it shatter. They'll get a new one.

"Bossy," he grits out.

Breaths coming out in harsh pants, Ilya's heart stutters when Shane wraps his arms around his neck and adjusts his position. Fingers find their way into his hair, tangling with the knots, the juxtaposition between the soft touches and the vice-like grip his hole has on Ilya's bare cock has him seeing stars.

"But you are allowed to touch me?" Shane's grin is smug. Taunting. He doesn't even need to say it, Ilya can read the '*obviously*' behind his smile.

"Fucking tease."

It's easy to get lost in Shane's eyes. Ilya forgets that he's supposed to be playing, too focused on the heat coursing through his veins and the tender, needy look on his husband's face. Every time Shane shifts the slightest bit, his cock drags along the tight heat inside him, and Ilya loses all sense of direction.

The only saving grace to this whole situation is when Shane brings Ilya's arms around him, letting his hands rest with the controller at the small of his back. Then he leans forward, pressing their chests together, a content sigh letting loose from his lips.

"Go ahead baby."

It's fucking torture, but by the grace of god, Ilya manages enough willpower to hit a couple buttons and restart his game. Shane's fingers continue their dance in his hair, the sharp nails against his scalp a tender massage that adds just that much more fire to keep his concentration teetering on the edge.

Somehow, Ilya directs his character through a hurdle. For all of sixty seconds, he's proud of himself, ardency swelling in his chest. Maybe he can do this.

A loud crash has his heart plummeting.

"Did you just die again?" Shane asks. He pulls back enough to crane his neck around to glance at the TV. When he looks back at Ilya, a teasing smile paints his lips.

Ilya doesn't grace him with an answer. He hums non-commitally and hits restart, trying with alarming difficulty to keep his focus off how Shane is a snug clamp around his dick.

"You sure you don't want me to ask Hayden to help you? What level is this?"

Heat flares up the back of his neck even when Shane detaches from him, pulling away to reach for his discarded phone. The movement causes him to lift from Ilya's cock, the cool air making him shiver.

Without even thinking, Ilya tosses his controller to the side, clutching tightly on to Shane's waist, and slams him back down on his length.

It pulls a sharp groan from Ilya the same time Shane yelps, no doubt the nudge to his prostate coaxing the sweet noise from his throat. Like this, Ilya can feel him deep, the frantic desire in his blood quickening his pulse, creating an even heavier, burning need. His fingers dig into Shane's skin, undoubtedly leaving bruises, exhales coming forcefully, brows pulling together.

"Do not fucking talk about Hayden while my dick is in your ass."

Shane's lip is pulled between polished teeth, the plush flesh rapidly blooming with blood. Ilya could push. Put an end to this stupid cockwarming and fuck up into Shane right here. Make him come all over himself then spend the following minutes licking it off his chest.

He's strong enough. Though he allows Shane to have his fun with him, they both know Ilya could overpower him in a heart beat.

Sometimes he does. Occasionally, Ilya will give Shane the reins, indulge his husband's request to take charge and be in power for a night. And it's fun while it lasts, Ilya happily giving up control, letting Shane do anything and everything to him.

But because he has a marriage of experience behind him and knows what it is that Shane *really* needs, the night is always finished with Shane on his back, pleading and crying as Ilya ravishes him, ruining his hole until they take a break and he can do it all over again.

"I told you, you're not allowed to touch me." Shane peels his fingers off him and finds the discarded controller, shoving it back into Ilya's hands. And for some reason, Ilya just lets him. "Get back to your game."

Disgruntled and fucking needy, Ilya sighs, fingers clutching the cold plastic joystick.

He hits fucking restart.

Ilya thinks he needs a refund.

There's no fucking way he's beating this game.

It's been close to thirty minutes. Thirty *god damn* minutes of Shane keeping his dick warm, pressing his flushed chest against his and being so fucking adorably hot that Ilya hasn't found it in him to say fuck it and flip them over. Thirty minutes of need. Thirty minutes of dying, over and over and fucking over again because this game is fucking impossible, and his husband is a menace.

Sometime ago, after hitting restart for the hundredth time, Shane began trailing kisses over his neck, wet tongue tracing up his moles in their wake. And if Ilya wasn't so determined to get this over with and have sex with his husband, maybe that would have made him falter.

But he's started to put his energy into the video game, turning lust into determination. He does his best that he can to tune him out, gritting his teeth when Shane starts clenching around him.

Shane keeps kissing down his neck. Sucking at his skin, pulling it between his teeth and leaving marks that Ilya feels blooming like prickly roses on his flesh. And even though Shane is supposed to be the one teasing Ilya, it's clear that he's getting riled up too.

A moan finds its way to Ilya's ear, the whiny cadence of his husband's voice sending a jolt of lust straight to his cock. Flexing his fingers, he sets his attention ahead, attempting to stall his mind from his infuriating situation.

It lasts all of five minutes before Shane starts bouncing.

Breath hitching, Shane rolls his hips, pushing back onto Ilya's cock and grinding against Ilya's sweaty stomach. Ilya forcefully pushes air through his nose, fingers twitching to wrap around Shane's neck. Each shift forces Ilya deeper inside of him, and when Shane's thighs behind to shake on either side of his legs, he knows he's against his prostate.

Shane bites at his ear and whispers, in a desperate whine, "Ilya. Hurry the fuck up."

"I do not think you understand how hard you are making this. How am I supposed to play properly when you are leaking so much?" At his words, Shane pulls back, but keeps his hands on Ilya's shoulders, his grip tight enough to leave marks.

They both look at Shane's stomach, where, true to Ilya's words, his cock is leaking a steady stream against his abs. It pools in his belly button, the milky liquid glistening as it slides down his smooth skin.

He looks fucking wrecked, and Ilya takes the bait.

Setting down the controller, Ilya gingerly flicks the pad of his thumb over Shane's tip, gathering some of the precum and rubbing it into the slit.

"Like a faucet," he says, and if possible, Shane clamps around him even tighter, pulling a deep, rumbly groan out of both of them. "You are so fucking pretty, Hollander. Look so good on my cock."

Ilya gathers more of his release, spreading it to his other fingers. He risks shifting, sliding one hand to knead the plump globe of his ass, pulling it to one side, then brings his cum-coated hand behind Shane.

His cock throbs when he coasts his finger along Shane's stretched-out rim, feeling how he accommodates for his size, the taut muscle wrapped snuggly around his length.

Rubbing the sticky precum into his rim, Shane's sharp intake of air as Ilya's finger slides in beside his cock is music to his ears.

“You want me to fuck you, yes? Ruin this gorgeous hole of yours?” He pushes until just the tip is settled snugly inside, the pressure around his digit fucking absurd.

Shane makes a noise that’s somewhere between a croak and a whine, rocking back little by little onto the intrusion, taking him even wider.

Leaning closer, Ilya presses their foreheads together. Heat radiates between the sliver of space between their lips, and he can’t help but swipe sis tongue out, tasting the spit pooling on Shane’s mouth. In Russian, he says, “You want me to ravish you until you are crying?”

If the way Shane licks his lips to catch the stray droplets of Ilya’s saliva clinging to his lips are anything to go by, Ilya is sure that he’s going to give in.

He’s so fucking turned on when he goes to slip his finger in a little deeper, the glide along his cock causing a shudder to course through him, when a *clash*, followed by a flash of light encompasses the screen behind them.

The clouded look in Shane’s eyes is immediately washed away, like someone dunked water on him and shook him out of his reverie.

Ilya’s heart plummets when Shane lifts, his finger slipping free, falling sticky and wet onto his thigh.

“Nice try.” Shane’s voice is rough, but he clears it with a grumbled cough and taps Ilya patronizingly on the cheek. “Now back to it.”

Settling back in until they’re plastered together again, Shane levels his breathing and exhales a whisper of heat against Ilya’s throat.

“Oh, and I wasn’t joking,” Shane whispers. “Fucking hurry, Rozanov.”

Determination settles deep in his bones, and Ilya fucking hurries.

It’s probably another ten minutes before he’s leaning forwards on the couch, Shane’s weight going with him easily as he prays under his breath to reach the end, fingers jostling the buttons and slamming down on each one with careful alertness.

Maybe it’s his resolute perseverance, or maybe it’s the way his dick is fucking throbbing for release being buried in his husbands ass, but *finally* Ilya reaches the end.

He doesn't give himself a moment to celebrate, instead throwing the controller haphazardly across the room and snaking his hands under Shane's ass, grip on his skin a fucking vice.

"Thank fucking god," he growls.

"Did you—" Shane's words are broken off with a shriek, his back hitting the couch in seconds, ankles finding purchase on Ilya's back. "Oh!"

"You are mean, Hollander. Teasing me like that."

Holding back is testing his resolve, but Ilya grits his teeth, rolling into Shane so deep, so slowly, nudging the blunt head of his dick against his swollen prostate. He doesn't leave any space between their bodies, trapping Shane's hard cock against his abs, gliding along the surface with wet and sticky brushes. His control slips by another thread when Shane fists his hair, pulling their faces close. Dark lashes part, revealing glistening, glassy dark eyes only centimeters away.

"I thought you'd—holy *shit right there.*" Shane groans, crossing his ankles at the small of his back when Ilya offers another slow thrust. "Thought you'd like it."

There's a vulnerable sheen to his eyes, and Ilya is helpless but to close the gap between them, capturing Shane's lips in a slow, sensual kiss.

Spearing his tongue into his mouth, goosebumps rise on his flesh, peppering his skin with tender bumps, each slow lick into Shane's mouth a greedy push and pull.

A string of saliva connects them when he pulls away. "I did. Was kind of hot."

Even if it was pure fucking torture.

Shane grins, his hands in Ilya's hair giving a rough tug. "I also didn't think it would take you so long. You kinda suck at video games."

"And I did not think you could have lasted so long. Your stamina is usually very low, sweetheart."

"It's not that bad." Shane deadpans.

Ilya pulls his abdomen away as much as he can while still keeping them connected. Bringing a hand between them, he swipes at the half

damp white spot on Shane's belly. "No?"

"Can you just fuck me now? Please?"

The need to slam into him sends a bolt of lust through his veins, but Ilya holds out, lowering himself again, nuzzling at Shane's clammy throat and licking at the salty wetness he finds. It's bitter under his tongue, and he fucking loves it.

But he keeps his thrusts slow, grinding against the little bundle of nerves inside his husband, teasing his prostate, forcing more precum to leak from his angry slit.

"I am being nice. Would you rather I be like you? Tease you for another forty minutes and not let you come?"

"Ilya…" Shane teeters off.

Ilya smirks, nudging Shane's prostate with another hard thrust, slower than he would like. "I could stop. Leave you here."

Gripping onto Ilya's forearms, Shane digs his fingers in. "Don't," he grits out.

If it wasn't for the tears that are dripping from Shane's eyes, gathering like gold on his cheeks and clumping against his eye lashes, maybe Ilya would have held out. But his own arousal is too strong, the need to fill his husband with his release blinding him from any possibilities he could unleash on Shane.

Shane clenches around him with a cry, and Ilya's mind is made up.

He leans in. Whispers, "anything for you."

And then he's pistoning his hips at an alarming speed, slamming in and out of Shane so recklessly, dark hair shifts with every pump, Shane moving up the couch every time Ilya fucks into him.

The heels digging into his back find their footing, and they urge him on, coaxing him deeper, every thrust rocking Shane's dick between their slick skin, each jolt causing a fucked out whimper to spill from his lips. Ilya rocks into him, groaning profanities in every language he can manage into Shane's ear.

Reaching back, he settles a hand on Shane's thigh and squeezes the bare skin, pulling him up to meet him with every frantic roll of their

hips.

“Not going to last long,” Ilya grunts.

“Me neither.”

Ilya chuckles, but it’s broken by a drawn out groan as Shane’s nails scratch along his back, undoubtedly drawing blood. “Obviously.”

There’s a rebuttal waiting on Shane’s tongue but he doesn’t get a chance to voice it, Ilya licking into his mouth, driving his hips harder into him, getting as deep as he can and grinding against his tight walls.

They’re nothing more than parted lips, Shane’s wet tongue lapping at every inch of Ilya’s mouth he can reach. And when Shane grips his back tighter and forces his head against the arm of the couch, the cords of his neck straining with taut muscles, Ilya knows he’s close.

His cock twitches and he pulls back, desperate to watch Shane’s face as he falls apart.

“Coming. Coming. Fuck, *holyfuck f-fuck I’m—*”

Shane tumbles over the edge with a shout, his voice a hoarse groan as he clamps around Ilya’s cock and comes all over his chest untouched. His hole pulses around Ilya, and it’s a fucking miracle that Ilya has lasted until this moment.

Following Shane over the ledge, Ilya releases inside him, painting his husband white, muscles straining to keep from crushing him. Shane must not care, because as soon as Ilya’s cock stops spurting, he wraps his arms around the back of his neck and tugs him closer, letting himself be pinned down.

They lay like that for a moment, catching their breaths, breathing each other in and holding each other close, as if pulling away will break this little bubble they’ve found themselves in.

At last, when Ilya’s dick begins to soften and slips out of Shane, he sits back on shaky knees, Shane’s legs falling from his back and staying parted from the width of Ilya in his space.

Unable to help himself, Ilya runs the pad of his thumb over Shane’s used hole. He presses inside and watches as his cum trickles out of him, landing in a messy, shiny pool on the couch.

Shane groans, twitching beneath his touch. “You realize this means more cleaning, right?”

Grinning, Ilya wipes his hand on his husband's stomach, laughing when Shane wrinkles his nose at the touch. “Can we maybe catch our breaths first?”

Shane doesn’t say anything, so Ilya leans back down, pressing his mouth to Shane’s slack lips.

Shane lets him kiss him for as long as Ilya likes, limbs going pliant underneath him, content little sighs escaping his throat. “I still can’t believe that Hayden is better at video games than you.”

Ilya bites his husband’s lip, effectively cutting him off.

End Notes

kudos and comments make my day but only if u want <3
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